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Miscellany.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON LETTER WRITING.

Epistolary as well as personal intercourse is, according to the mode in which it is carried on, one of the pleasantest or most irksome things in the world. It is delightful to drop in on a friend without the solemn prelude of invitation and acceptance—to join a social circle, where we may suffer our minds and hearts to relax and expand in the happy consciousness of perfect security from invidious remark and carping criticism; where we may give the reins to the sportiveness of innocent fancy, or the enthusiasm of warm-hearted feeling; where we may talk sense or nonsense, (I pity people who *cannot* talk nonsense) without fear of being looked into icicles by the coldness of unimaginative people, living pieces of clock-work, who dare not themselves utter a word, or lift up a little finger, without first weighing the important point, in the hair balance of propriety and good breeding. It is equally delightful to *let* the pen talk freely, and unpremeditatedly, and to one by whom we are sure of being understood; but a formal letter, like a ceremonious morning visit, is tedious alike to the writer and receiver—for the most part spun out with unmeaning phrases, trite observations, complimentary flourishes, and protestations of respect and attachment, so far not deceitful, as they never deceive any body. Oh! the misery of having to compose a set, proper, well worded, correctly pointed, polite, elegant epistle!—one that must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, as methodically arranged and portioned out as the several parts of a sermon under three heads, or the three gradations of shade in a school-girl's first landscape! For my part, I would rather be set to beat hemp or weed in a turnip field, than to write such a

letter exactly every month, or every fortnight, at the precise point of time from the date of our correspondent's last letter, that he or she wrote after the reception of ours—as if one's thoughts bubbled up to the well-head, at regular periods, a pint at a time, to be bottled off for immediate use. Thought! what has thought to do in such a correspondence? It murders thought, quenches fancy, wastes time, spoils paper, wears out innocent goose-quills—"I'd rather be a kitten, and cry mew! than one of those same" prosing letter-mongers. Surely in this age of invention something may be struck out to obviate the necessity (if such necessity exists) of so tasking, degrading the human intellect. Why should not a sort of mute barrel-organ be constructed on the plan of those that play sets of tunes and country dances, to indite a catalogue of polite epistles calculated for all the ceremonious observances of good-breeding? Oh, the unspeakable relief (could such a machine be invented) of having only to *grind* an answer to one of one's "dear five hundred friends!" Or, suppose there were to be an epistolary steam-engine—Ay, that's the thing—Steam does every thing now-a-days. Dear Mr Brunel, set about it, I beseech you, and achieve the most glorious of your undertakings. The block machine at Portsmouth would be nothing to it—*That* spares manual labour—*this* would relieve mental drudgery, and thousands yet unborn ——— But hold! I am not so sure that the female sex in general may quite enter into my views of the subject. Those who pique themselves on excelling in "l'eloquence du billet," or those fair scribblerinas just emancipated from boarding-school restraints, or the dragonism of their governesses, just beginning to taste their refined enjoyments of sentimental, confidential, soul-breathing correspondence with some Angelina, Seraphina, or Laura Matilda; to indite beautiful little notes, with long-tailed letters, upon vellum paper with pink margins, sealed with sweet mottos, and dainty devices—"Je ne change qu'en mourant"—"Forget me not," or Cupid with a rose, "L'une seule me suffit"—the whole deliciously perfumed with musk and attar of roses—Young ladies who collect "copies of verses," and charades—keep albums—copy patterns—make bread seals—work little dogs upon footstools, and paint flowers without shadow—Oh! no—the epistolary steam-engine will never come into vogue with those dear creatures—*They* must enjoy the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul," and they must write—Ye Gods! how they *do* write!—But for another genus of female scribes—unhappy innocents! who groan in spirit at the dire necessity of having to hammer out one of those aforesaid terrible epistles—who having in due form dated the gilt-edged sheet that lies outspread before them in appalling whiteness—having also felicitously achieved the graceful exordium

“My dear Mrs. P.” or “My dear Lady V.” or “My dear — any thing else,” feel that they are *in for it*, and must say something — Oh, that something that must come of nothing! those bricks that must be made without straw! those pages that must be filled with words! Yea, with words that must be sewed into sentences! Yea, with sentences that must *seem* to mean something; the whole to be tacked together, all neatly fitted and dove-tailed, so as to form one smooth polished surface! What were the labours of Hercules to such a task! The very thought of it puts me into a mental perspiration; and, from my inmost soul, I compassionate the unfortunates now (at this very moment, perhaps,) screwed up perpendicular in the seat of torture, having in the right hand a fresh-nibbed patent pen, dipped ever and anon into the ink bottle, as if to hook up ideas, and under the outspread palm of the left hand a fair sheet of best Bath post, (ready to receive thoughts yet unhatched) on which their eyes are riveted with a stare of disconsolate perplexity, infinitely touching to a feeling mind. To such unhappy persons, in whose miseries I deeply sympathize ——— Have I not groaned under similar horrors, from the hour when I was first shut up (under lock and key, I believe) to indite a dutiful epistle to an honoured aunt? I remember as if it were yesterday, the moment when she who had enjoined the task entered to inspect the performance, which, by her calculation, should have been fully completed—I remember how sheepishly I hung down my head, when she snatched from before me the paper, (on which I had made no further progress than “My dear *ant*,”) angrily exclaiming, “What, child! have you been shut up here three hours to call your aunt a pismire?” From that hour of humiliation I have too often groaned under the endurance of similar penance, and I have learnt from my own sufferings to compassionate those of my dear sisters in affliction. To such unhappy persons, then, I would fain offer a few hints, (the fruit of long experience,) which if they have not already been suggested by their own observation, may prove serviceable in the hour of emergency.

Let them ——— or suppose I address myself to *one* particular sufferer—there is something more confidential in that manner of communicating one’s ideas—As Moore says, “Heart speaks to heart”—I say, then, take always special care to write by candle-light, for not only is the apparently unimportant operation of snuffing the candle in itself a momentary relief to the depressing consciousness of mental vacuum, but not unfrequently that trifling act, or the brightening flame of the taper, elicits, as it were, from the dull embers of fancy, a sympathetic spark of fortunate conception. When such a one occurs, seize it quickly and dexterously, but, at the same time, with such cautious prudence, as not to huddle up and contract in one short,

paltry sentence, that which, if ingeniously handled, may be wire-drawn, so as to undulate gracefully and smoothly over a whole page.

For the more ready practice of this invaluable art of dilating, it will be expedient to stock your memory with a large assortment of those precious words of many syllables, that fill whole lines at once; "incomprehensibly, amazingly, decidedly, solicitously, inconceivably, incontrovertibly." An opportunity of using these, is, to a distressed spinner, as delightful as a copy all m's and n's to a child. "Command your may, your mind from play." They run on with such delicious smoothness.

I have known a judicious selection of such, cunningly arranged, and neatly linked together, with a few monosyllables, interjections, and well chosen epithets (which may be liberally inserted with good general effect) so worked up as to form altogether a very respectable and even elegant composition, such, as amongst the best judges of that peculiar style is pronounced to be "a charming letter!" Then the pause—the break—has altogether a picturesque effect. Long tailed letters are not only beautiful in themselves, but the use of them necessarily creates such a space between the lines, as helps one honourably and expeditiously over the ground to be filled up. The tails of your g's and y's in particular, may be boldly flourished with a "down sweeping" curve, so as beautifully to obscure the line underneath, without rendering it wholly illegible. This last, however, is but a minor grace, a mere illumination of the manuscript, on which I have touched rather by accident than design. I pass on to remarks of greater moment. There is another expedient of infinite efficacy, but requiring to be employed with such nice *tact*, that none but an experienced spinner should venture on the practice of it. You may continue, by the help of a little alteration, amplification, and transposition of the precise terms, to amuse your correspondent with a recapitulation of the very matter that formed the groundwork of his, or her last epistle to yourself. Should he detect you in this retort (against which the chances are equal) he will be restrained by good breeding from making any observations to yourself on the subject, and in fact he will (if a candid and reasonable person) find no just cause of complaint against you, for refreshing his memory, and thus impressing more indelibly on his mind a subject he had conceived of sufficient importance to be imparted to you. Again—you need not fear that he shall turn your own arms against you—their loading is spent in your retort, so that it will still be his business to furnish fresh matter, every thing (you perceive) in this game depending on the first throw.

This species of manœuvre, as I before observed, should by no means be rashly ventured, but it is an art well worth the trouble of acquiring, at the expense of some pains and study,

one (in which if you are so fortunate as to become a proficient) that will relieve you from all further anxiety, furnishing you (at the expense of your correspondents) with ample materials for your own epistolary compositions. As to the strict honesty of this proceeding, no conscience need, I think, be so squeamish as to hesitate on the subject, for, in fact, what has conscience to do with the style of correspondents now under consideration? It were well if a fine lady's letter were oftener made up of such innocent ingredients, for (generally speaking) would not the abstract of such a one fairly translated run thus?

My dear Lady D—

With feelings of the most inexpressibly affectionate interest, I take up my pen to congratulate you on the marriage of your lovely and accomplished Alethea.

To you who know every thought of my heart, it is almost unnecessary to say, that, next to the maternal tenderness, with which I watch over my own girls, I feel the most anxious solicitude in every thing that relates to your charming family.

That sweet love Alethea has always, you know, been my peculiar favourite, and tears of the sweetest exultation swell into my eyes, when I think of the brilliant establishment you have secured for her.

Our long friendship, my beloved friend, and my maternal affection for the dear creature, are pleas which I shall urge in claiming the delightful office of presenting her at the next drawing-room.

Soon, very soon, my dearest friend, may I have to congratulate you on some equally advantageous establishment for your sweet delicate Anna Maria.

I earnestly hope that foolish story (which *you* of course have heard) about Lord V.'s keeping a lady at Paris, and having lost 20,000*l.* at the Salon, at one sitting, will not reach the ear of our sweet sensitive girl.—But people are so malicious!

Where are your two lovely boys? Dear fellows! we have not seen them since they left Eton, and you know how I delight in their charming spirits.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

And remain ever,

With the most inviolable attachment,

My dearest Lady D.'s

Most sincerely affectionate

Friend,

M. G.

You tiresome old toad:

You've manœuvred off one of your gawky frights at last, and I must say something on the occasion.

How the deuce did you contrive to hook in that noodle of a lord, when I've been spreading my nets ever since he came of age, to catch him for my eldest girl?

That pert minx Alethea has always been my particular aversion, and I am ready to cry with spite, at the idea of her being a countess.

As you can't hobble to court on your crutches, I shall be expected to present her *ladyship*, and I *must* do it, though I know I shall expire with vexation at the sight of the V. diamonds in her odious red hair.

One comfort is—you'll never be able to get off that little hump-backed thing Anna Maria, and you know well enough there is no hope of it, so hate to be talked to about her.

You won't care much about it, even if it was true, but I can think of nothing else to plague the old cat. I'll take care the young one shall know it *somehow*.

I'd as lieve have a couple of wild cats turned loose into the drawing room, as let in those two riotous cubs; but I've nine girls to bring out yet, and the young D.'s will be tolerably good catches, though only honourables.

Fudge, fudge, fudge, fudge, fudge.

I think I've given you enough for one dose, though I'm afraid you're up to me. I hate you cordially; *that's certain*.

M. G.

THE DEVIL'S LADDER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ALOISE SCHREIBER.

Not far from Lorrich, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle, which was formerly inhabited by Sibö, of Lorrich, a knight of great courage, but of a character any thing rather than gentle. It happened once, in a stormy eve, that a little old man knocked at his castle-gate, and besought his hospitality,—a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snows that fell fast about him. The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him with one who was by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise, rather for its energetic conciseness, than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and simply saying, "I will requite your kindness," passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time, Sibö did not take this threat very much to heart; but it soon appeared to be something more than an empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely girl in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty through the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was no more successful in the search than his vassals; nobody had seen her, nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd, who said, "that early in the day he had seen a young girl gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and, having seized her in their arms, tripped up to the summit of the rock with as much facility as if they had been walking on a plain. God forbid!" added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, "God forbid, that they were of those evil spirits who dwell in the hidden centre of the mountain; they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims." The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes towards the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for his assistance. Stung with all the impotence of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals, to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, though several made the effort, none succeeded. He then ordered them to provide instru-

ments for cutting a pathway in the rock ; this attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain-top, that they were compelled to fly for safety. At the same time a voice was heard, which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words :—" It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the Knight of Lorrich."

Sibo, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse to heaven ; and as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But these holy folks prospered no better with their beads than the peasants had done with their pick-axes ; the gnomes continued as immoveable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console the poor Sibó, except the certainty of his daughter's living. His first looks at daybreak, and his last at night-fall, were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greeting to her father.

But, to do justice to the gnomes, they took all possible care of their little foundling, and suffered her to want for nothing ; they built for her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells, and crystals, and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives, too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusements for her youth, which grew up in a continual round of delight, like a snow-drop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed, she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a moment dimmed with a transient recollection of past times : " Be of good heart, my dear child ; I am preparing for you a dowry, such as was never yet given to the daughter of a king."

Thus rolled away four years, and Sibó had nearly renounced all hope of again seeing his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a young and valiant knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired a glorious name by his deeds against the infidels. His castle being only half a league distant from Lorrich, he was not long in hearing of Sibó's loss, upon which he determined to recover the fair fugitive, or perish in the attempt. With this design, he sought the old knight, who was still buried in grief for his daughter's absence, and made him acquainted with his purpose. Sibó grasped the young warrior's hand, and a smile, the first he had known for many years, passed over his hard features as he replied, " Look out from this window, my

gallant stranger; as far as the eye can reach, it looks upon the lands of Sibo; below, too, in the castle vaults, where others keep their prisoners, I lock up my gold, enough to purchase another such a province. Bring me back my daughter, and all this shall be yours—and a prize beyond all this—my daughter's hand. Go forth, my young knight, and heaven's blessing go with you."

Ruthelm immediately betook himself to the foot of the Red-rich to explore his ground, but he soon saw that it would be impossible to climb the mountain without aid from some quarter, for the sides were absolutely perpendicular. Still he was unwilling to give up his purpose; he walked round and round the rock, exploring every cleft and cranny, wishing that he had wings, and cursing the shrubs that nodded their heads most triumphantly near the summit, as if in defiance of his efforts. Almost ready to burst with vexation, he was about to desist, when the mountain gnome stood before him on a sudden, and thus accosted him:—

"Ho! ho! my spruce knight; you have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the summit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I'll be your friend in this business; she is my pupil, and I promise you she is yours, as soon as you can get her."

"Be it so," replied the knight, holding out his hand in token that the offer was accepted.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison with you," replied the little man, "but my word is as good as yours notwithstanding. If you can manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is somewhat rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. About it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey."

Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with loud bursts of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in his elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed, "Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings."

"It may happen without wings," said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round him, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder. "I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibo, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and besides, the maiden has none of her father's harshness; she is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others; I am certain, that she would never refuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her as if she were my own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride.

It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word, a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore, this silver bell; go with it to the Wisper Valley, where you will find a mine, which has long ceased to be worked, and which you will easily recognise by the beech tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears it sound. At the same time the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me. Request him to make a ladder for you up to the summit of the Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day, and, when done you may trust to it without the slightest fear of danger."

Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Wisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees twined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror; it was one of those still nights, when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next instant it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most defying vehemence, as if to atone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound, a little man arose from the depths of the mine habited in grey, and carrying a lamp, in which burnt a pale blue meteor. To the gnome's question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day; at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough; they set off in the direction of the Redrich, when, in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun by the horrible din that might be heard even in the Wisper Valley. Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes, the noise of which accompanied him in his journey, and entertained him in his castle. Nor indeed did Ruthelm desire better music, for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step in the ladder, and every step in the ladder was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love, without the superfluity of seeing her.

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn, than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose; a ladder was firmly plant-

ed against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear at his heart, as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased in proportion to his advance. In a short time he arrived happily at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east, when the first object presented to his eyes was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was riveted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sank beneath the gush of ecstasy that thrilled through every vein. In an instant he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love, with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed, and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through her tears, like the sunbeams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the lovers. At first the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Ruthelm; but, when he perceived the ladder, he readily guessed how all had happened, and burst into a sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming—"Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than your father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came; for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness."

Ruthelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its foot by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman, presenting her with a box formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her:—"Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you. And do not forget your mountain friends, for in the various evils of the world you are going to visit, a day, perhaps, may come, when you will need their power. You'll think of this, my child." Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking her.

And now Ruthelm conducted the fair one to her father, though not without many a lingering look cast back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man's joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should

be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days; and Ruthelm received the hand of Garlinda, in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blest in themselves, and no less blest in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of a demon. Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of the *The Devil's Ladder*.

TURKISH ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

(From "TURKEY IN MINIATURE: being a Description of the Manners, Customs, Dresses, and other Peculiarities characteristic of the Inhabitants of the TURKISH EMPIRE.")

The Cadhys are a sort of justices of the peace, and are to be found in all the towns and villages. They are, no doubt, thoroughly versed in the civil and ecclesiastical law, that is to say, in the precepts of the Koran, according to which every thing is decided in Turkey; but they are still better acquainted with the means of promoting their private interest. A present frequently inclines the balance in favour of the person from whom it comes. When both parties give, the most liberal of the two carries his point; but in case of theft or robbery, if the loser would recover what he has lost, he must make a present of much more considerable value. The cadhys often display great ingenuity in their decisions in favour of those by whom they have been bribed. An Arab, having once lent his camel to a traveller, complained by the way that the animal was overloaded. "What does his load consist of?" asked the judge, who had been feed by the traveller. The Arab replied: "Of coffee, *et cetera*; sugar, *et cetera*; dates, *et cetera*; sacks, *et cetera*;" thus naming each article, and always adding *et cetera*. "In this case," replied the cadhy, enumerating the articles mentioned by the Arab, "let the coffee, sugar, dates, and sacks be left, and take away all the rest." According to this decision, the poor camel had just the same burden as before.

A Christian of Aleppo was cited before the cadhy by an emyr, who accused him of knocking his turban off in the bazar, a misdemeanour, which, according to the Turkish law, is punishable with death. The judge was himself an emyr; but he had been bribed by the Christian, who told him that the complainant had a turban of so dark a green, that it appeared to be blue; he had in consequence mistaken him for a Christian, a friend of his, on whom he merely meant to play off a joke. At the time fixed for the purpose, the accuser and the accused made their appearance: the latter was accompanied by a great number of

emyrs. "Do you come hither in such force," said the judge, addressing the latter, "to do justice to yourself? If that is your intention let all retire, except the witnesses; and as for thee, Christian," continued he, turning to the accuser, who had been secretly pointed out to him, "I presume thou art a witness for the accused: retire also, thou shalt be called when thou art wanted."—"You are mistaken," cried the latter; "I am a Mahometan, an emyr, and what is more, the accuser."—"What!" rejoined the cadhy; "you an emyr, and wear a turban which I myself took in broad daylight for that of an infidel? What wonder then the accused should fall into a similar mistake in the dark? It is you who are in fault: ought you not to be ashamed not to wear the colour consecrated by the Prophet?" The Christian was acquitted; and but for this turn, it would have been difficult to keep the resentment of the body of emyrs within bounds.

From among the numberless anecdotes of the presence of mind and justice of their magistrates recorded by the Turks, we shall select another, which can scarcely fail to interest the reader.

A merchant, being about to take a journey, committed a purse of money to the care of one of his friends, a dervise. On his return, he applied for his money, but the treacherous dervise pretended that he had not received any. The merchant, incensed at his dishonesty, preferred his complaint to Moawveh, cadhy of Bagdad. Had the merchant, whose confidence was so ill requited, taken witnesses with him when he delivered his gold to the dervise, the business would soon have been settled; but he had omitted that precaution. The cadhy, aware that it would be impossible to convict the faithless trustee, desired the merchant to come to him on the following day, and instantly sent for the dervise. The judge received him very affably, and to win his confidence, expressed for him an esteem which he was far from feeling. After a long conversation, he thus addressed him: "Business of importance obliges me to leave this country for some time. I have a considerable sum in gold which I dare not carry with me, and am therefore desirous of placing it in your hands; and if I have selected you for this trust, it is because I do not know a person bearing a higher character for integrity in this city than yourself. As I wish the matter to be a profound secret, I will send you my hoard to-morrow night." The dervise, overjoyed at this communication, assured the cadhy of a fidelity which he was determined to violate, and returned home.

The merchant did not fail to call upon the judge the day following as he had been directed. "Go immediately to the dervise," said the cadhy, as soon as he saw him; "and if he still

refuses to restore your money, threaten to complain to me of his roguery." The merchant lost no time in complying with this injunction. The dervise, when mention was made of the cadhy, whose confidence it was, as he conceived, so much to his interest to retain, quickly delivered up the deposit. The merchant, equally surprised and delighted, went and expressed his warmest acknowledgments to the judge.

The dervise meanwhile waited with impatience for the fulfilment of the promise which had been made to him by the cadhy. Wondering at not hearing from him, he called upon the judge; but his astonishment may be conceived, when the magistrate loaded him with the severest reproaches for his dishonesty. He withdrew in the utmost confusion, and deeply mortified at having been the dupe of his credulity.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE TOMB.

"Alas! unheedful of their doom,
With hurrying step they seek the tomb."—*Anonymous.*

Of all the exhibitions that attract the loungee in this overgrown metropolis, few present a more interesting study to the reflecting mind, or a more entertaining scene to the lovers of character, than the EGYPTIAN TOMB.

The period in which this excavation was formed is so remote, that its history is involved in an obscurity which adds to it still greater interest, and brings to the mind a thousand reflections on the vanity of all human efforts to force the natural course of events; it forms an admirable subject for the philosopher to contemplate, and illustrates the ever-varying scenes of this mutable world: while the crowds of busy triflers, and listless loungees, that hover round, furnish ample food for amusement to the lovers of eccentricity and character.

Little could *Psammis*, whose tomb this is supposed to be, have imagined that, after a lapse of about two thousand five hundred years, the exact model of his Mausoleum would be exhibited in a capital, which, when this Tomb was formed, did not exist. *Psammis* flourished about six hundred years before Christ, and was successor to Pharaoh Necho.

After mounting a steep and dark staircase, the first sentence we heard was uttered by a lady who exclaimed, "O dear how hot the tomb is!" and another remarked, "That there was not light sufficient to see the gods." The groups scattered round, formed a striking contrast to the scene itself:—at the entrance were two large animals, of the Sphinx species, formed of granite,

with lions' heads, and between them was seated an elderly man, in the act of masticating tobacco, whose countenance bore a strong likeness to them. Two or three fine young women, simply but elegantly attired, with their graceful attitudes, and undulating draperies, formed an agreeable contrast to the stiff and disproportioned forms of grotesque Egyptian female figures.

A party of schoolboys were amusing themselves by discovering likenesses to each other, in the monstrous deities displayed on the wall; and a governess was answering the inquiries of her young pupils, "If there ever existed men with lions', apes', and foxes' heads?" by sententiously reading extracts from Belzoni's Description, not a word of which the little innocents could understand. One old lady remarked, that "The Tomb was not at all alarming when people got used to it;" and another said, "it made her melancholy, by reminding her of the death of her dear first husband, the worthy Alderman, to whose memory she had erected a very genteel one." Two vulgar old men declared their conviction that "It was all a hum, for had there been such a place, Lord Nelson would have said *summut* about it, in his despatches;" and another person of the same class, said that, "For his part, he did not like foreigners; and why did no Englishman ever find out this *here* place? he should not wonder if, in the end, Mr. Belzoni, or whatever his name is, was found out to be like that Baron that wrote so many fibs." The first speaker observed that, "Any man, who would go for to say, as *how* men had apes' faces (though his own bore a striking likeness to one) would say any thing."

A gentleman, who appeared to be a tutor, and two young lads, were attentively examining the model, and comparing it with Belzoni's Narrative; and the questions they asked, and the observations which they made, showed a spirit of inquiry and intelligence pleasing to witness; while his answers, full of good sense and information, marked how well qualified he was to convey instruction.

"The tomb levels all distinctions," though a trite observation, is one, the truth of which has never been doubted; and, if it were, a visit to that of Psammis would convince the most incredulous: for here persons of all ranks meet, and jostle each other with impunity. The fine lady, who holds her *vinaigrette* to her nostrils, and remarks to her attending beau, "What a dreadfully shocking place it is;" and that "there is not a single person of fashion there," is elbowed by a fat red faced woman, who looks like the mistress of a gin shop, and who declares to her spouse that, "She would give a shilling for a glass of aniseed; for looking at *them there* mummies has made her feel so queerish."

An old lady, and her two grand-daughters, are examining the

Pyramid; the old lady has got on a pair of spectacles, and is, with evident labour, endeavouring to decipher a page of the Description; but, unfortunately, she has got at a wrong page, and having puzzled herself for some time, at last gives up the task in despair; and in answer to one of the children's questions of "Grandmamma, what is a Pyramid?" the good old lady replies, "Why, a Pyramid, my dear, is a pretty ornament for the centre of a table, such as papa sometimes has instead of an epergne."

A simple looking country girl is remarking to her companion that "This is not a bit like a tomb;" for that she has seen many, but they were all quite different, being small and much of the shape of a large trunk, or else they were head stones; and all had 'Here lies the body or some such thing on them, with cross bones, death's heads, and hour glasses."

Two ladies of fashion now enter, attended by two *Exquisites*, or *Dandies* of the first class, and their exclamations of "What an odd place!" "O dear, how disagreeable the smell is!" attract the notice of the fine lady before mentioned, who has been engaged in a flirtation with her beau for the last half hour; they now recognise each other, and the languid "How d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you; how very funny that we should meet in the Tomb!" are uttered at once by all three: and one of the *Exquisites*, who appears to be of the sentimental cast, takes this opportunity of lisping out that, "The presence of such divinities converts the Tomb into a heaven." A vulgar looking man, who has been listening to their chit-chat, and eyeing them with derision, whispers, but in audible accents, to his wife, a pretty modest looking woman, "My eye! did you hear what that *there* young, pale faced chap said to *them there* painted women, about going to heaven?—They don't seem to have any more chance of that sort of place, than they have thoughts of it just now." The wife gives him an imploring look to be quiet, and whispers, that she believes the ladies are no better than they should be, by their bold looks and loud speaking, and urges him to go to the other side.

Two intelligent lady-like looking women now attracted my attention, and I paused to listen to the observations they were making;—one of them remarked, that the coincidence between sacred and profane history, which this wonderful excavation presented, was most striking; and that a close investigation of it, might elucidate many passages in both, that had hitherto been enveloped in mystery. She illustrated her observations by quoting several passages from Herodotus, which perfectly agreed with some parts of the Bible, and observed the great utility to be derived in historical researches, from the light thus thrown on them, by the discovery of such stupendous and magnificent

monuments of antiquity. Her friend agreed with her, and remarked that, not only in a historical, but in a moral point of view, such discoveries were of vast importance; for the specimens now presented to us by the enterprising Mr. Belzoni, bear irrefragable proofs that many arts flourished in the æra in which those monuments were formed, the existence of which we had supposed to be of a much later date; and the vanity of man, who is buoyed up by a belief that the arts and inventions found among civilized nations, have been, for a series of years, in a progressive state of improvement, must receive a chastening lesson, by seeing the perfection which many of the arts had attained nearly three thousand years ago; and how comparatively slow their progress has been up to our time.

“To how many reflections do these shrivelled remains of poor frail mortality give rise,” said one of the ladies, pointing to the mummies,—“what pains must there have been taken to have preserved them for so immense a lapse of time, even in their present state, and how small is the triumph of human art over decay, when this is all it can accomplish.—To look at those poor grim shades, and to reflect that they once had passions, affections and frailties, like our own; that those empty sockets once contained eyes that have sparkled with pleasure, flashed with anger, and beamed with tenderness on some loved object; that from their lids the tear of sympathizing pity, or sorrow, has often stolen; and that, when dimmed by death, some loved and loving hand, has with ‘love’s own tender care,’ gently closed them; little deeming that this cherished face would ever again be unveiled to human sight; or, that in centuries after, in a foreign land, it would be exposed to the gaze of thousands, who would view it as a subject of curiosity or speculation.—Who, that has that yearning regard to the ashes which once formed the object of his affection, a regard so natural to mankind, can view those grim countenances, and regret that the art of embalming has fallen into disuse? Better that the worm should not be defrauded of its prey, and that the dust of those whom we loved should mingle with its kindred earth, than that the triumph of ‘the king of terrors’ should be exposed to the un pitying and unthinking view of strangers. What patriot, that appreciated their worth, could bear to think that the honoured remains of a Fox, or a Pitt, whose ashes are endeared to us by so many proud recollections, were to be hereafter borne from their native shores: and yet, short-sighted and vain mortals as we are, the day may come, when their existence, or that of the abbey that inurns them, may be as problematical as the site of Babylon.”

They now directed their attention to the model of the pyramid, and commented on the several writers who have been of

opinion that the pyramids were built before the flood ; and the probable conjecture, that they were erected to gratify the pride, or satisfy the superstition of the Egyptian monarchs. One stated that Mr. Volney derives the word pyramid from *bour-a-mit*, a cave of the dead ; and the uncertain basis, on which every conjecture, relative to those stupendous buildings, must rest, gave rise to several admirable reflections from both ladies, on the instability of all sublunary grandeur, which they concluded, by observing, that these gigantic monuments, erected to perpetuate the memory of the monarchs, have not been able to rescue even their names from oblivion.

The party of fashionables now approached, and one of the ladies exclaimed, " Do pray let us leave this tiresome stupid place, where there is not a single thing to be seen worth looking at, and where the company is so intolerably vulgar. I really fancied it was a fashionable morning lounge, where one would meet every soul worth meeting in town, for, as to looking at a set of Egyptian frights it never entered into my head ; I have not heard of Egypt since my governess used to bore me about it when I was learning geography ; and as to tombs and pyramids, I have a perfect horror of them." Another of the ladies observed, that she " hated every thing Egyptian ever since she had heard of the plagues." And the third begged, that " in decrying Egypt and its productions, they would except Egyptian pebbles, which were beautiful, and took an exquisite polish."

" Oh ! pray do look at the female ornaments (exclaimed one of the ladies) ; did you ever see such horrid things ? Only fancy any woman of taste wearing them : well, I declare those same Egyptians must have been dreadfully vulgar, and the women must have looked hideously when adorned in such finery. How surprised they would have been at seeing Wirgman's beautiful trinkets, or the sweet tasteful jewellery at Howel and James's." " I have always thought," replied one of the *Exquisites*, " these lines in Shakspeare very absurd, where he says

————— ' Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.'

For no fine *woman* ever looks half so well, as when she wears diamonds, or other valuable ornaments." " I agree with you in opinion," answered the other beau ; but I am sure the quotation you have used is not to be found in Shakspeare." " I will bet you five *guineas* it is," said the first ; and, said another, " I will bet ten that neither of you name the poet from whose works it is taken." The first *Exquisite* adheres to his original statement, that the lines are Shakspeare's ; and the second declares his perfect conviction that they belong to Goldsmith. The ladies are called on for their opinions, and each of the three,

in turn, names "Darwin," "Moore," and "Byron," as the author, though they profess to have forgotten the particular poem in which the verses occur.—At last, the whole party agree to refer the wager to the decision of the Hon. Gen. P—pps, whose perfect acquaintance with the works of the immortal bard, and knowledge of all the poets, render him so competent to the task. Having the pleasure of knowing the General well, I could not forbear laughing, as I fancied the group exposing their ignorance to him, and his astonishment that in our enlightened age such ignorance could exist: while with all the *bon hommeism* and good breeding, for which he is so distinguished, he takes down from his book-shelf "The Seasons."

Some young people attended by their mother, a very showy dressed woman, with many indications of vulgarity in her appearance, now stopped before the ruins of the temple of "Erments," and one of the children asked her "what place the water before them was meant to represent." The mamma replied, she "believed it was the Red Sea, or some such place," but recommended them not to ask questions, as it would lead people to think them ignorant. This sapient answer seemed very unsatisfactory to the children, who having expressed their annoyance, were promised a copy of the Description, provided they would not look at it until they got home, as mamma was in a hurry.

A lady next us, inquired "if Egypt was near Switzerland?" and was informed by her friend, that it "was near Venice." The ignorance displayed by the greater part of the visitors of the Tomb, on historical, geographical, and chronological points, was truly surprising, and the perfect apathy evinced, was even more so. It was plain that they came to the Tomb merely to pass away an hour, or in the expectation of meeting their acquaintances; but as to feeling any interest in the scene before them, or drawing any moral inference from it, they seemed as little inclined, as if they had been in the round room of the Opera House on a crowded night. Wrapt up in their own self-satisfied ignorance, the works or monuments of antiquity boast no attraction for them; and strange to say, the metropolis of a country that professes to surpass all others in civilization and morals, presents, in some of its inhabitants, examples of ignorance and want of reflection, scarcely equalled in any other part of the civilized world.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS DUCHESS OF
KINGSTON.

The Duchess, in one of her peregrinations, met with a person habited like a pilgrim. He was well made, had a penetrating

eye, and the whole of his countenance was expressive. Though he was much inclined to cultivate an intimacy with the Duchess, he chose rather to correspond than converse with her, from a consciousness that he was more capable of shining in the former than the latter capacity. Flattery was the means by which he resolved to attempt making an impression upon her mind; and in this design he succeeded. Soon after leaving the Duchess, his correspondence commenced; and he took care that his letters abounded with professions of admiration of her illustrious character. This was of all language the most agreeable to her disposition. She became enamoured with the pilgrim; and there being something mysterious in his manner and garb, felt a strong desire to obtain an explanation of every circumstance. This gratification, however, was denied, and the only favour she could obtain was, a promise to meet her at another time. Meanwhile, the correspondence continued, and still in the same adulatory strain. At last, when the appointed time arrived, the Duchess, instead of a Pilgrim, met with an Abbé.

The account the stranger now gave of himself was as follows: That he was by birth an Albanian Prince; had travelled through Europe under different disguises, and had only formed attachments with the most exalted personages. At Berlin, according to his own account, he was honoured with the friendship of Prince Henry of Prussia; at Rome he was intimately acquainted with most of the cardinals; their Neapolitan Majesties particularly honoured him with their esteem; and with the Emperor of Germany he represented himself as on a footing of the most cordial familiarity. This artifice operated upon the vanity of the Duchess like a charm. The name of the stranger was now asked, and he announced his travelling appellation to be "Worta." Who Worta was, the Duchess never thought of making any inquiry; she took it for granted that he was a very great man. The diamond box was exhibited to Worta for his admiration, and he praised it in terms the most hyperbolical. A valuable ring was presented to him, and as a prince, it was deemed gracious in him to receive it. At last he thought proper to make known the object which he had in view. Worta having satisfied himself with the visits he had made to the different courts, proposed returning to his own country; and could he be honoured with such a partner to his bed as the Duchess, he would consider himself as the happiest man in the world. The infatuated Duchess listened to this address with infinite pleasure; and had there not been an insurmountable obstacle to any conubial alliance, it is beyond a doubt that she would have given her hand and fortune to the adventurer. This Worta had, in fact, very recently committed several forgeries in Holland, and being apprehended, despatched himself by poison.

The addresses of this impostor were soon succeeded by those of a real prince, who, after an attachment which had subsisted twenty years, made the Duchess an offer of his hand. This personage was Prince Radzivil, an illustrious Pole, and who had pretensions to the crown of Poland. The Duchess first met him on a visit to the court of Saxony. He lived in a style of splendour, which excited the admiration of those who knew not the amount of his immense revenues. Struck with the grandeur of his state, the Duchess practised every ingratiating art which might attract his regard; and she proved so far successful as to engage the heart of the Prince in her favour. This was all that she desired; for the consequences of the engagement were magnificent presents, and correspondence maintained during a succession of years.—When the Duchess was about making a second visit to Petersburg, proposing to travel thither by land, she intimated, in a letter to Prince Radzivil, her intention of taking his dominions in her route. The Prince, whose affection had not been abated by time, received the accounts of her determination with the utmost pleasure. The place of meeting was fixed; and the extremely romantic style in which the interview was conducted, deserves a description.

The place of rendezvous was Berge, a village in a duchy within the territories of the Prince, and about 40 miles from Riga. On the Duchess's arrival, she was waited on by an officer in the retinue of the Prince, who was commissioned to inform her grace, that his master proposed to dispense with the ceremonials of rank, and visit her as a friend. The next morning was the time appointed for this visit; and, in the interval, it was requested, that the Duchess would permit herself to be escorted to an hotel, 10 miles distant, whither the Prince had sent his own cooks, and other attendants, to wait on her grace. Accordingly, next morning the visit took place, and was conducted in the following manner:

Prince Radzivil came with forty carriages, each drawn by six horses. In the different vehicles were his nieces, the ladies of his principality, and other illustrious characters. Besides these, there were 600 horses led in train, 1000 dogs, and several boars. A guard of hussars completed the suite. So extraordinary an assemblage, in a country surrounded by wood, gave an air of romance to the interview, which was still more heightened by the manner in which the Prince contrived to amuse his female visiter. He made two feasts, and they were ordered in the following style. The Prince had previously caused a village to be erected, consisting of 40 houses all of wood, and fancifully decorated with leaves and branches. The houses were disposed in the form of a circle, in the middle of which were erected three spacious rooms, one for the Prince,

a second for his suite, and the third for the repast. Entering the village, in the way to the rooms, all the houses were shut, and the inhabitants appeared to have retired to rest. The entertainment began with splendid fireworks on an adjoining piece of water, and two vessels encountered each other in a mock engagement. This was succeeded by the feast, at which every thing was served on plate, and the dishes were extremely sumptuous. The Duchess, delighted with so superb a reception, entered with all her usual exhilaration of spirits into the festivity of the evening, and amused the company with her enchanting voice.

When the feast was ended, Prince Radzivil conducted the Duchess to the village, the houses of which were before shut. On a sudden they were converted into 40 open shops, brilliantly decorated, and containing the richest commodities of different kinds. From these shops the Prince selected a variety of articles, which he presented to his mistress. They consisted of a magnificent topaz, rings, boxes, and trinkets of all descriptions. The company then returned to the rooms, which were thrown into one, and a ball was opened by Prince Radzivil and the Duchess. The dances being concluded, the company quitted the ball-room, and in an instant it was in a blaze; combustible matter having been previously disposed for the purpose, and the people of the village were seen dancing round the fire. This entertainment is supposed to have cost Prince Radzivil upwards of 5000*l*.

The Prince's gallantry, however, did not terminate with this scene. At a country-seat 10 miles from Nicciffuis, his favourite town, he gave the Duchess a second feast, followed by a boar hunt, for which purpose the animals had been brought. The hunt was in a wood, at night. A regiment of hussars, with lighted torches in their hands, formed a circle, within which were huntsmen also with torches. The boar, thus surrounded with fire, was frightened, and after the usual sport, he fell a victim to his pursuers. A great number of the Polish nobility attended at this hunt. During 14 days that the Duchess remained with Prince Radzivil, she dined and slept in different houses belonging to the Prince. As the retinue moved from place to place, they, on every third or fourth day, met a camp formed of the Prince's own guard. On the journey from Nicciffuis, at night, the roads were illuminated, guards accompanied as escorts, and on the arrival of the Duchess at the different towns belonging to the Prince, the magistrates waited on her with congratulations, and cannon were fired.

After such a magnificent profusion of compliments, it may appear astonishing that the heart of the Duchess should be insensible to the gallantries of the Polish Prince. Yet such, on

this occasion, was the natural perverseness of her temper, and at the moment of her being complimented with a *feu de joye*, she only thus expressed her sentiments of the Prince's treatment: "He may fire as much as he pleases, but he shall not hit the mark!" These are said to have been precisely the words she used.

The Duchess, during her residence in Poland, had also the honour to be entertained by Count Oginiski, a nobleman who was held in the highest esteem by the late King of Prussia. At a concert which he gave the Duchess, he performed on six different instruments. His establishment for musical entertainments cost him every year about 25,000*l.* of our money. He had a theatre in which plays, in the French, German, and Polish languages, were acted. He purchased horses from the remotest countries. One which he showed the Duchess, was brought him from Jerusalem.

She continued a few days at this nobleman's house, and Prince Radzivil, accompanying her thither, an emulation seemed to prevail who should show her the greatest attention. But the utmost civilities could make no lasting impression on a mind so destitute of sensibility.

Among the worthless objects that partook of the lady's occasional benefactions, was the notorious Semple, whom she liberated from the prison at Calais, by compounding with his creditors.

Of the qualities of the Duchess of Kingston, the most predominant seemed to be a masculine kind of courage. She had always a brace of loaded pistols at the side of her bed, and her female domestics had orders never to enter her chamber unless the bell rang, lest by sudden surprise she might be induced to fire at them. In her travelling carriage there were fire-arms, and once, on her route to Petersburg, she discharged a case of pistols at a party supposed to have inimical designs. This heroism she is said to have inherited from her mother.

The Duchess enjoyed through life a sound state of health. Except an attack at Petersburg, when an epidemic disorder prevailed, and the fever with which she was seized on her return from Rome to meet her trial, she experienced not a day's illness. The method she took to preserve health, was that of inuring herself to hardiness. The severest cold neither discomposed her feelings, nor prevented her from prosecuting a journey. She admitted fires in her apartments, rather from fashion than inclination. For a slight indication of the gout, she instantly plunged her feet into cold water; and bleeding, whether proper or not, was the universal remedy to which she had recourse in any casual complaint.

In person, she was rather under the middle stature; her

limbs were not remarkable for symmetry; her motions were not graceful; nor was she endowed with the sensibility and retiring delicacy of manner, which, of all others, is woman's most captivating quality. Her features were agreeable, her eyes piercing, and her complexion glowed with the indications of health and vivacity. On the whole, her appearance was extremely engaging; and had the virtues and accomplishments of her mind been answerable to her exterior endowments, she must have commanded universal esteem, as well as love and admiration. But the vanity, the inconstancy, the caprice, and the eccentricity of her conduct prevailed in so intolerable a degree, that notwithstanding an immense fortune, she lived almost without a friend, and died entirely unregretted.

Variety.

CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF POPULAR PREACHING.

At the beginning of the last century, Father Chatenier, a Dominican, attracted much notice at Paris by his sermons. He aimed at a popular style of preaching, and the consequence was, that he frequently travestied the history of the Old and New Testament in a most ludicrous manner. On one of these occasions, he related the conversion of Mary Magdalen in the following terms:

"You must know, my pious and Christian hearers, that Mary Magdalen was a lady of high rank, who led a very free life, and was much addicted to gallantry. She was once travelling to one of her country-seats, accompanied by the Marquis of Bethany and Count Emmaus. She observed by the way a great number of persons of both sexes assembled in a verdant pasture. Grace began to operate. Magdalen ordered her carriage to stop, and sent one of her pages to inquire what was going forward in the pasture. The page returned and informed her, that it was the Abbé Jesus who was preaching there. She alighted from her carriage with her two noble companions, approached the assembly, listened attentively to the sermon of the Abbé Jesus, and was so affected by it, that from this moment she renounced for ever all vain worldly desires and gratifications."

In one of his sermons he once declaimed with great vehemence against the young gentlemen and ladies of Paris, who thronged to hear him, not for the purpose of benefiting by his lectures, but to turn them into ridicule. After severely reprimanding their levity, he proceeded in these words:

"And lastly, after your death whither do you expect to go to? To balls, to the opera, to concerts, to dinners and suppers,

to assemblies where ye can ogle handsome women?—No, no, I tell you!—Ye will be cast into *fire, fire, fire!*—These last words he pronounced with such tremendous emphasis, that all his auditors were alarmed, and many of them rushed out of the church, under the impression that the edifice was on fire.

ANECDOTE.

A French traveller lately ventured to the summit of a glacier in the Canton of Glarus, which is 8925 feet high and covered with eternal ice. Before he reached the top, a glance into the immense abyss so affected the novice in climbing mountains, that he declared to the guide he was unable to move either backwards or forwards. All persuasion was fruitless; he burst into tears, exclaimed he should be starved to death, took out his pocket-book and wrote his last will, which he committed to the guide, with the necessary directions how and where to deliver it. Happily the latter succeeded in procuring assistance; but it was only by employing violence that they were able to force back into the world the adventurer who had achieved so whimsical and yet so distressing a dilemma.

Poetry.

FROM THE LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed,
 The bracken curtain for my head,
 My lullaby the warders tread,
 Far, far from love and thee, Mary!
 To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!
 I may not, dare not, fancy now,
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promis'd me, Mary!
 No fond regret must Norman know;
 When burst Clan-Alfoine on the foe;
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary!
 A time will come with feeling fraught!
 For if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
 How blithely will the evening close;
 How sweet the linnet sing repose
 To my young bride and me, Mary!